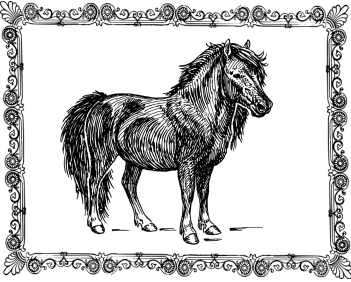


In the big city a man will DISAPPEAR with the SUDDENNESS and COMPLETENESS of the flame of a candle that is blown out.

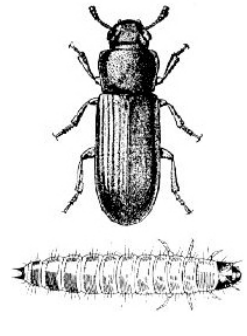


Happiness Pony

HAPPINESSPONY.COM WORCESTER, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 2013. A GIFT.

Confused Flour Bug

True to its name, the confused flour bug enters the home through large sacks of wheat, sorghum, and rice flours. In an effort to retrace its steps, it exits the sack of origin and frantically moves about the home leaving trace amounts of flour along-side nervous defecation. In isolation, the confused flour bug is a truly sympathetic (emphasis on pathetic) creature, but the combination of flour and fecal matter has been known to attract mice. The CFB is often used in scientific research and first travelled to space aboard the Soviet Bion 1 satellite in 1973. (*Lily Brown*)



"Mothers News"
IT IS A
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mothersnews.net

The Levine Intervention

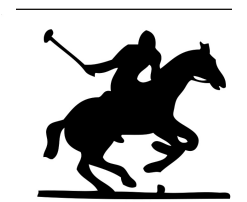
"Doctor Who" is one of the most beloved and long-running TV shows to come out of the BBC. But BBC management did not always recognize the show's lasting value. It wasn't worth much financially, because they had only limited rights to rerun episodes. Culturally, they saw the show as a transient, trashy creation (which, despite its genius, it was).

And so, sometime after 1972, the BBC began unintentionally losing the first decade of Doctor Whos. Most episodes were mastered on videotape, but these tapes were never really archived. The tapes were copied to film, and the films used to make other film copies for overseas sales. Over time the videotapes were taped over or junked, and the film negatives wore out from repeated copying.

Finally in 1978, the BBC Film Library was expanded into the BBC Film and Videotape Library, and it was institutionally possible for the BBC to care about shows mastered on videotape. Pop music producer and super-fan Ian Levine immediately asked the Library to sell him personal copies of every Doctor Who film they had. When he realized how few episodes were extant, he travelled from BBC facility to BBC facility, looking for stray copies of the lost ones. He legendarily discovered the entire first Daleks story in a pile of film cans stamped "Withdrawn, De-accessioned and Junked."

Levine asked the new head of the BBC Film and Videotape Library to make BBC Enterprises stop destroying old films, and they agreed.

Levine, the BBC, and the fan community organized a search for lost episodes. Some were discovered in the UK. Others were found at those overseas TV stations who bought film copies. Though scores of episodes are still lost, due to Levine and his Intervention dozens of hours of trashy English sci-fi survived into the 21st century. (*Mike Benedetti*)



I Can Kill Any Animal

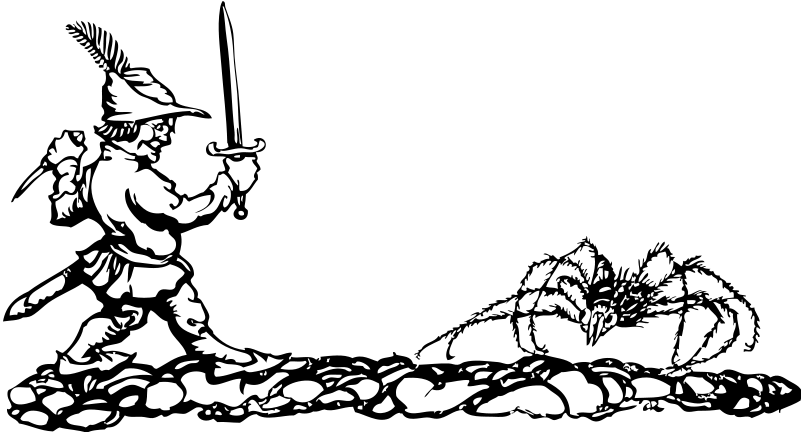
BY JUSTIN DUFFY

I know what you're thinking. "No, you can't, and neither can I." This attitude is a sign of an age in which we overestimate our ability to manage complex, civilizational problems (Facebook use, climate change) and underestimate our ability to simply kill any animal.

Can I kill a shark? Yes. If you punch a shark in the nose, it will be immobilized. This is not an urban legend. Look it up on YouTube*. A lion? An adult, male lion sleeps 22 hours a day. So this one probably involves surprise. A donkey? My gut instinct is bludgeoning. A blue whale? Relentless harassment or massive pollution. I'm just spit-balling here, I haven't done all the research. But this doesn't undermine my confidence, and shouldn't undermine yours.

Think about it this way: if I couldn't kill any animal, then why aren't we living in the Kingdom of the Dolphins, or the dogs and cats? This is Humantown, baby. Every other animal has learned to live with it. We should, too.

If you strongly disagree with this article, pick an animal. Bring it to me. I live at 15 Home Street.

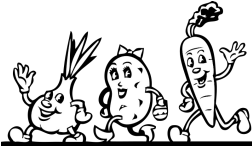


Life in the Mud

Streamflow in Massachusetts for June was 250% of average. More than twice as much water as usual was coursing through our backyards and deep woods. But it wasn't there for long. All that water was dumped on us in a few big storms, and ran straight overland to the nearest brook, stream, rivulet, or river, hardly infiltrating into the ground water. So our soil is still pretty dry, and I, for one, am glad of it—all because of the summer I spent living in the mud.

Unlike this summer's flashy storms, those long-ago days were dominated by a slow, steady, drizzle. My summer job was to find really big heavy rocks uphill of hiking trails, pry them up with a metal pole, and lever them downhill to be carefully constructed into staircases, water-bars, or just scary obstacles to keep people on trail. Rolling a few rocks that weighed upward of a ton down a hill generated a lot of mud. That made getting any leverage or traction nigh impossible, and our boots got sucked down 'til it seemed like we might stay rooted there forever. And still the clouds, like giant babies, kept drooling and dribbling down rain. We spent the nights shivering in our sleeping bags before getting up at the first crack of gray to pull on damp woolen socks. The situation was almost intolerable, until someone snapped, and threw the first mud-pie. (*Holly Jones*)

Belmont Vegetarian Restaurant



Worcester's best vegan eatery.
Tues-Sat 11AM-8PM
157 Belmont St, Worcester, Mass.
Delivery: 508-798-8898

* In fact, a quick google leads me to this startling statistic from NOAA: 90% of human swimmer/shark encounters are non-fatal for the human. Remember—those are *in the freaking ocean*. Human/shark battles on land? Pretty sure we've maintained a 100% fatality rate.



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Movie Review: Westworld

Have you ever wished the creepy animatronic figures at your local themed amusement park would drop the script and fight back against the entitled customers and kitschy locale? "Westworld," written and directed by "climate change/theme park skeptic*" Michael Crichton, might be the movie for you. The film's bourgie victims are thoroughly horrible, and you rejoice as they are hunted down by robot cowboy Yul Brynner. In a commentary on the lethal nature of decadent fantasy, Delos is a vacation destination of the future where the rich go to live out their delusions of early American frontier life, medieval Europe, and Ancient Rome. Vacationers can talk to, kill, or have sex with androids programmed to act as obedient characters in the elaborate fantasy world. It all goes terribly right when Ole Yul, a disgruntled robot, begins to slaughter the fat cats of this Neo-Atlantis, where past and future become one in the name of wooden acting, ridiculous screaming, and just desserts. (*Asa Needle*)

* <http://outlawvern.com/?p=18205>



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The “Boy with a Turtle” statue behind City Hall is no doubt Worcester’s greatest symbol. We have created a 3-dimensional digital model of the Turtle Boy that can be printed on a 3d printer. Or, you can order your own 3 ¾-inch tall Turtle Boy statuette. For more details, please visit: landlubber.com/turtleboy

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Cable access for Worcester on channel 13. wccatv.com



Not just a Nobel Prize.

Sure, Albert Camus won the 1957 Nobel Prize for Literature. And some people think that makes him a 20th century dinosaur. But when confronted with the apparent meaninglessness of life and the constant struggle it requires, you could do worse than have this intellectual T. Rex in your corner.

Camus. As relevant as ever. Now 10% off with this ad.

sketch courtesy Petr Vorel

Expanding Community

Sometimes you step into a world where those around you just haven’t walked the paths you have. Be confident. To make an awesome first impression, to make others comfortable, and ultimately to be successful, you just have to be confident.

Stepping into Worcester’s “housing collective” community, I felt like I twisted my ankle. Glancing up at those I stumbled into, it was difficult to feel confident. White friendly faces. Everyone jumping to help and welcome me in, but as an Asian woman from Main South, having so many arms reaching out to embrace me was overwhelming and in many ways scared the shit out of me.

I wanted so badly to accept this new community but in the back of my mind I kept thinking, “Where’s my people at?” Are we not friendly? Are we not within the definitions of community? What is this “community” and can it ever be mine? I struggle with this still.

For awhile I blamed myself for not putting myself out there enough and for not fitting in. But I can’t help the way I feel when the sheer fact is that my people, Main South minorities, are not in the housing collective community’s family picture. Let’s make it happen cause I’m pretty damn photogenic. *(Thu Nguyen)*

Is Worcester Sustainable?

Of course not! 181,045 people in 38.6 sq/mi? But wait...

Truth be told, you pop a Stephen King “Dome” on Worcester, and a little adjacent, and we’d fare pretty well! While hilly, we are compact, and this is a walkable and bikeable city, especially if you know the connecting valleys! Bonus: all our buses (many hybrid) have a bike-rack. Our water comes from a massive reservoir system, and much that system is cleverly gravity-fed! We moved away from chlorinated pools and towards natural ponds and beaches. We compost our leaves into soil and hand it out for free. Until the evil beetle there was free firewood from our urban forest. We curbside recycle, and then burn the rest for electricity. Solar panels hide atop the Bancroft School, a turbine spins next to Holy Name, and other renewable projects hide in our midst! More of our lawns need to become meadows and vegetable gardens, and the rhythmic chant of the local rain-garden cultists relentlessly insist that they be fed by rain barrels! Air quality is decent with the urban forest absorbing heat and worse, and pumping out glorious O₂. The Holy Grail of ending our “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” chicken policy to supply municipal protein is still off on the horizon, but in the meantime our farmer’s market circuit is capable of picking up that slack.

Verdict: Worcester Sustainability? No, not quite, but we’d make it to at least season three! *(Colin Novick)*

Worcester, 9AM

A thousand broken bottles representing a thousand broken dreams sparkle on the streets and sidewalks of Worcester. A man walks his dog. He’s proudly wearing a Coors Light t-shirt, a bucket list want since he first heard about the “only available out West” beer back in high school, several lifetimes ago.

Two blocks away, store owners open up their shops in the doomed* Midtown Mall, selling items the city’s Councilors have no need for but someone must, since they all seem to be well-stocked and stay in business, their clientele not recognized by those across the street in City Hall as the people they’re paid to govern.

Who are these people?

Meanwhile, the Common’s busy with sunbathers and puzzle doers, people talking about the better tomorrow coming after the day after yesterday, while a group living out of a shopping cart is led by a loud voice declaring, proudly, as he waves the contents in his bag, “I could have crushed his skull with what’s in here.” *(words and Midtown Mall photo by Brian Goslow)*



Talking Buses

By the early 1990s, Worcester’s Union Station was graffiti-littered, falling apart, and slated for demolition. The Worcester Regional Transit Authority board decided—against the advice of their consultants—to buy the station and, with the Worcester Redevelopment Authority, began the long process of renovating it.

As with every Worcester project, the actual cost of the renovation trebled from the original estimate of \$11 million. By the time the renovation was completed in 1997, there was still not a plan for what sort of tenants would occupy the station and how the station would tie into downtown. It would take another decade for intercity buses to make Union Station their home.

And—nearly two decades after the WRTA originally bought Union Station—it has now created a passenger hub there.

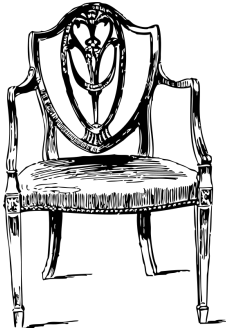
Proponents say that the bus hub will tie all forms of mass transit (commuter rail, Amtrak, intercity buses, and WRTA) together, and that the newly opened Front Street provides better access for passengers to walk to points in downtown.

Opponents have said that \$13 million was too much for the ugly hub building, that moving buses from downtown hurts downtown businesses, and that schedules do not reflect the additional time it takes to get to and from the bus hub (though late August schedule changes have attempted to fix some of these delays). *(Nicole Apostola)*



* The quasi-governmental Worcester Redevelopment Authority and local politicians like City Councilor Palmieri would like to see the Midtown Mall seized via eminent domain, shut down, and turned into something else. Most WRA members are selected by the City Manager; if you feel strongly on this issue, contacting City Councilors makes sense.

Crompton Collective



An artisan and antique mall. 138 Green Street, Worcester. CromptonCollective.com

HAPPINESS PONY
Income Statement
July 2013

Revenue	
Donations from editors	\$47.50
Ad sales	\$0.00
Other donations	\$0.00
Expenses	
500 copies	\$42.50
Test copies	\$5.00
Net Income	
	\$0.00

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